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the birds of the Pacific Coast. Mr. Herman T. Bohlman of Portland, Oregon, has been unusually successful during the past summer in securing some fine photographs of Oregon birds. He was especially fortunate in securing a good series of pictures of the kingfisher, flicker and bush-tit, also in his work among the sea birds of the Oregon coast. While out photographing with Mr. Bohlman last summer among other things we found a Brewer's blackbird's nest in a fir tree a few feet from the ground. We were attracted by the calling of the young birds as they were being fed, and decided they were large enough to make a good photograph. After considerable preparation we were just ready to take a picture of the nest and its occupants when the mother, thinking her children in too much danger, swooped down near the nest and gave a sharp call.

It was easy to see what that meant for the youngsters until then had re-

mained perfectly quiet, but at the loud command from the mother they all set out in different directions, each one flying as far as his wings would carry him. After a long hunt we succeeded in finding three of the four birds and placed them back in the nest where we caught their picture just as they were holding a consultation as to the next move.

Some of the most interesting pictures were taken of the home of a pair of flickers. The nest was found in the top of a stump when it was first begun and many different pictures were taken of the nest, parents and young birds. A good many plates were spoiled but a few good bird photographs well pay for the failures and for the time that has been spent. Anyone having an interest in birds can find no better way of gaining pleasure and information than by spending his leisure hours in the field with a camera.

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Some Winter Bird Notes.

BY MRS. C. A. MOODY, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THIS does not profess to be a "paper," still less a scientific essay,—but a few hasty notes of bird life on our home place. This is on the Sycamore Grove Tract on what was evidently once the bed of a considerable river. The soil is light and sandy, the uncultivated parts appearing quite barren during a dry year.

From the last of September to this date (December 6,) the absence of birds about here was rather surprising to me. Possibly it was because we had only recently moved in and were strangers to them. The shrike and black phoebe I soon learned were daily visitors. The red-shafted woodpecker was often seen, busily drilling for food in the trees, while occasionally two others appeared, having conspicuous black and white markings, one with a red patch on the head. The latter I concluded was Gairdner's woodpecker and the other

Nuttall's, a species belonging to the ladder-backed group.

This day, however, they came in crowds and with a great clatter. The songsters were unanimous in declaring that it was an ideal morning in bird-land. A certain crispness in the air seemed to bring out the songs fuller and clearer. The linnets were to be heard above all the rest, so that the little goldfinches had to work very hard to be heard at all, while they flitted from branch to branch of the sycamore trees, picking at the tassellated balls packed so full of tiny seeds. Meadow-larks and warblers joined in the chorus and from the distance came the loud call-note of the red-shafted woodpecker, by way of letting us know he was still with us.

The shrike, usually so still and contemplative, caught some of the joyous spirit and rolled out now and then a

few sweet notes. To my mind it's a very sweet song, but quite out of keeping with one of whom such dreadful things are told. So far as I have observed, he is quiet and well-behaved about here, feeding on worms mainly. Lacking evidence, I shall decline to believe the stories of cannibalism and malicious cruelty.

Out of all this medley of voices came a clear, joyous note which told me that robin redbreast was camping near. With my glass I saw him on the top branch of one of the trees, and then he was off again. I do not think he is as friendly as the eastern robin, though his notes proclaim him to be just the same saucy, vivacious fellow. One of the flock which came about was hurt in some way, probably colliding with a wire fence, and died in the yard, attended by a deeply concerned linnet. This gave me what I had waited for,—a chance to study him close by.

Since the above was written our bird visitors have been numerous. Audubon's warbler was about the yard for a week or more before we identified him. He became friendly, even to the point of sitting on my clothes-line. During the heavy rains he made quite a determined effort to come through the window screen into the attractive shelter within. At that time he was alone, but I noticed quite a flock of them later.

The intermediate sparrows began to come the first week of February and soon took up their abode in a brush pile, where they found many choice tidbits,—from a sparrow's standpoint. After the rains the meadowlarks came back in great flocks. Side by side with Brewer's blackbirds they strut along, bobbing this way or that for food, very much after the manner of a chicken. Their song is a wonder and a never-ending joy to us. Sometimes a lone singer will perch on a branch near the house and will go through a series of trills, whistles and low gurgles, ending finally in a glorious burst of song.

About the middle of February for the

first time this season, I heard the pileolated warbler's song. His sweet little call-note made me aware of his presence some weeks before this. The Arkansas goldfinch makes several visits daily to sip a few drops of water from the hydrant. Linnets are as numerous and as noisy as ever and very busy these days among the pepper grass which grows in abundance here. The bluebirds are very quiet. I hear only an occasional peep from them, though many have been in the yard. We called them the western bluebird since we heard no song. They are welcome visitors and make up for lack of song by the brilliant flash of color when they fly. The last week in January I heard such funny lisping sounds, entirely new to me. Upon close investigation with a glass I saw a flock of cedar waxwings in a near-by sycamore tree, much interested in their breakfast while all the time they kept up that lisping chatter. Many other birds have been seen but not clearly identified. I feel quite sure I saw a flock of American tit-larks; they had that tectering motion, as they looked about for food, described by Keeler in "Bird Notes Afield."

We are now getting ready to entertain hosts of bird visitors another season by setting out a strawberry patch and planting a variety of loganberries and blackberries, besides a mulberry tree, which will doubtless prove a great favorite later on. How many berries will be left for our own use, remains to be seen. At the time of writing (March) meadowlarks, goldfinches, bluebirds and intermediate sparrows have quite deserted us, only a few coming back for a hurried call now and then, instead of the daily visit of last month.

Perhaps they have gone to the cool of the canyons or to richer feeding grounds. They disappeared so quietly and suddenly, somewhat after the manner of the Arabs, "who fold their tents and quietly steal away." Great flocks of robins and blackbirds fly over but scarcely deign to look this way. Some

new birds have appeared, as always happens with changes of weather and seasons. This last week has brought several sweet singers to the grove; the foliage growing denser all the time gives them a feeling of more security.

Pileolated warblers and mockingbirds are our choice singers now. While the larks were in possession, the mocker hardly showed himself or at least he was so unusually quiet that I did not observe him. A song sparrow was heard here two or three times within the week. A new bird has given me no end of trouble in the way of neck-aches and disappointments. He always perches high and in such a way as to make it difficult to get his exact colors. The truly scientific (who no sooner sees a bird than he has it in hand to study every detail) can hardly appreciate the trials and vexations of a would-be bird student who does not resort to the gun.

However I'm satisfied that much can be learned without destroying life, as no doubt did Emerson think when he asked:

"Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose and left it on the stalk?"



Two Additions to the Land Birds of Santa Cruz County, and Additional Notes on Two Other Species.

1. *Nyctea nyctea*. Snowy Owl. Some years ago while visiting at Santa Cruz the capture of a Snowy Owl was mentioned to me. The bird was shot as it flew across Wood's Lagoon, a slough near Santa Cruz. As the owl was only winged it was taken home alive by the lucky hunter,—James Francis, and placed in a large chicken coop. The broken wing-tip soon healed and in a short time the bird became remarkably gentle, taking food from the hand of its owner. Finally it became so tame that it would sit on his arm and shoulder. Mr. Francis had this owl in his possession for a number of years, but about two years ago it sickened and died. It

was mounted and is now in the possession of Mr. Francis at Santa Cruz. The bird was very large and unusually white. Its sex is unknown to me, as also the exact date of capture, but as the duck season was open at the time, it must have been taken between Oct. 15 and Feb. 15, not very definite, but a record nevertheless.

2. *Melanerpes torquatus*. Lewis Woodpecker. On Dec. 26, 1900 while wheeling from Santa Cruz to Capitola I saw a Lewis Woodpecker in an apple tree near Moran's gulch about half way between the two towns. The bird was very unsuspicious and I was able to approach quite close. For some time it searched about in a listless manner, not caring apparently whether food was obtained or not. Finally, after I threw several clods at it, the woodpecker took flight, soon perching in another tree about 100 yards from the first one and bunching itself up as though very sleepy.

Falco peregrinus anatum. Duck Hawk. The Duck Hawk is spoken of by McGregor in his list as rare. I have met with it quite frequently and consider it not an uncommon bird. Several times at Moore's beach and also near the Santa Cruz lighthouse I have seen this falcon dash into flocks of Brewer Blackbirds and Western Meadowlarks, sometimes capturing two birds, one in each talon. Mr. A. G. Vrooman of Santa Cruz has quite an extensive series of eggs of *Falco p. anatum* which he has personally collected on the Santa Cruz coast.

Spinus pinus. Pine Siskin. In May 1896 Mr. A. N. Towne showed me a pair of siskins which he had taken from a eucalyptus. They were feeding high up in the smaller branches and were collected at one shot. *Spinus pinus* is probably a resident as the birds seem to have been taken several times in the breeding season. Eggs have been given me which tallied exactly with the printed descriptions of eggs of this species.

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